

Noelke Wishes For Home Right After Getting To Town

By Monte Noelke

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HOUSTON — The state legislature ought to call a special session right now and make it a capital offense for the country people to leave their home county. My wife and I haven't been here in Houston two full days, yet I'm already so homesick that every time a train whistles, I yearn for space on the roads.

The only break we've had was in getting a good place to stay. This is the kind of motel I appreciate. Unlike the big, fancy joints up on the freeways, a double room here doesn't cost the price of a yearling ewe every day.

The air conditioning has been off part of the time since we checked in, but the highest the inside temperature has reached was slightly over 100 degrees. My mate was somewhat stirred up the second time the cooling system failed. She thinks you are camping out unless everything is in perfect shape. All the time she was fussing, the room was plenty shady and the cracks in the door were letting in some fresh city-circulated breeze.

The other lodgers didn't seem to mind the air-conditioning being shut off. The men kept on working on their old cars; the women continued passing by, herding their kids out of the weeds around what was once the swimming pool.

I haven't tried to make friends with our neighbors. Like all city folks, they don't speak to strangers. Also, they are stricken by a bad case of the "asphalt wasteland stares." Every one of them seems to be looking away off. Their expression is the same as that of travelers who come through our country loaded down with children and a pitiful supply of household goods. They don't look like the people back home. But with a little soap and water, plus a good feeding or two, they could easily be assimilated into the Shortgrass Country.

To get any peace, I guess I'm going to have to move to one of those ritzy joints. The heat must be getting to my wife, because she keeps babbling about how we're going to be robbed, or how she wishes she had signed up with the foreign missions and done her suffering in a grass hut.

The fact that we're saving over \$14 a day doesn't mean a thing to her.

It all boils down to the same old story: modern women are mighty hard to please. Also, at the rate society is going downhill, the human body soon won't be able to stand the heat from a 40-watt light bulb. People are going to be so spoiled that the government will have to come up with a special project to shade the sun. I hate to say it, but I really believe that luxuries and comfort are ruining my family life.